To inspire some writing for **peppervl**, I have written a short Sam/Castiel ficlet. I have never written the pairing before, so I am pleased that I now have another pairing tag. :D

PG-13, assumes they have an already established relationship, fluff, the prompt was 'massage.'

(I hope it satisfies.)

Fingers dig into his back, seeking out knots of tension to smooth out and unravel, and one hand leaves his back to smooth down his hair.

This was about when Sam began to wake up, and realize that something wasn't right - he never woke up to anyone touching him, let alone backrubs. Immediately he tenses, and immediately fingers dig into the new spots on his back.

"Wha - ?" Sam asks, struggling to force himself awake so he can get up and see who or what it is.

"Stop struggling, Sam," and it's Castiel, Castiel who has a slight wobble in his voice and Sam relaxes in Castiel's hold as he tries to place that wobble to what it means. (Once Castiel began to go beyond their one night stand and make it a three-nights-in-a-row-stand and then to more, Sam began a mental catalogue of what the subtle shifts in Cas' voice meant. It helped him figure out when was a good time to drag Castiel into a kiss, and it helped him avoid situations where flirting would result in angry glares.)

Castiel continues his massage, and Sam lets himself relax into it, and savor the bliss of warm hands doing pleasant things to him. He doesn't stop thinking, however, and soon places the tone of Castiel's voice.

"Cas," He asks, then bites back a moan as Castiel finds a particulary sore spot, "Are you drunk?"

"No," Castiel says, and his voice has the same wobble. "I have not imbibed enough alcohol to render me drunk. I am, however, somewhat tipsy."

Sam laughs into his pillow, and doesn't bite back the moan this time. It felt *good*, and Castiel was pampering him for once. "You should do this more often," He murmurs, wriggling slightly as Castiel moves to his lower back. "Feels good."

Castiel hms and runs a finger down Sam's rear and that earns him a groan from Sam and his hips lifting. That in turn prompts Castiel to repeat the motion, and he gives the back of Sam's head an appraising look. "You want me to go further."

Sam lifts his head and looks back at him with an expression that Castiel has seen

on Dean many times: translated to English it roughly means 'duh.'

(Castiel prides himself on how well he can translate human body language these days, even if he is somewhat tipsy.)

So he turns to massaging Sam's rear and discreetly opening his pants, and he savors every moan he draws from Sam before he is ready to go even further. But before he does go further, he has something to say. He leans forward, and murmurs into Sam's ear a promise, almost a threat:

"Yes, I believe we will do this again."